Mr. PARLIAMENT

Her Invitation of Mrs. LONDON,

TO A

Thankesgiving Dinner.

For the great and mighty Victorie, which Mr. *Horton* obtained over Major *Powell* in *Wales.*

Their Discourse, Desires, Designes, as you may heare from their owne mouthes.

Munday 29 of May, *in the eight yeare of the Reigne of our soveraigne Lady* Parliament.

Mrs. PARLIAMENT, her Invitation to Mrs. LONDON.

Deare Sister know, this is the Day,
On which wee ought to Feast and Pray;
Because the Welsh-men *wee did slay*
the cleane contrary way.

Now shortly wee must Pray agen,
Because wee kill'd the Surrey *men;*
Who did assault us, you know when
the cleane contrary way.

By Mrs. *Truth* principall Secretary in ordinary (*pro tempore*) to Mrs. *Parliament.*

Printed in the year. 1648.

Mrs. PARLAMEENT, her Invitation OF *Mrs.* LONDON, to a *Thanksgiving Dinner.* FOR The great and mighty Victory, which Mr. *Horton* obtayned over Major *Powell*, in *Wales.*

By *Mercurius Melancholicus.*

Enter Mrs. London, *and Mrs.* Common-Councell.

Mrs. London.

NOw, our good Lord be thanked for this great Victory, which the *Righteous* under the Command of that holy Saint *Horton*, have obtained over the *wicked*, under the Command of those *Reprobates*, *Poyer*, *Powell*, and *Laughorne.*

Mrs. Com. Counc. 'Twas a happie Providence my dear Sister, and much to be admired amongst the Saints, for this will prove the animation of our owne party, and the discouraging of our enemies, those *pagan Cavaliers*, who now begin to take armes, and to fall foule on the *people of the Lord.*

Mrs. Lond. Very true Sister, who would have thought of this new distemper, or that our honourable Sister *Mrs. Parliament*, who was arrived to the very highest pitch of honour and said to her selfe, *I sit like a Queene, and shall know no sorrow*, should on the sudden become wretchedly miserable, she whom a Nation courted, offering their lives and estates at her feet, and maintained her for the space of seaven yeares, in open *Rebellion* and *Disloyalty* against her head and Husband, she that imagined her selfe so sure, that no humane strength could shake her, is now become in a manner desolate.

Like to a Whore, both old, and evill growne,
Shee hated is, and pittied by none.

Enter Mrs. Militia *a Malignant.*

Mrs. Mil. Hell take this *everlasting Parliament*, or rather, this incorrigible *Iunto*, what a tossing to and fro they make of me; the *King* my true and onely Master must not *Command* me, (because forsooth) like another *Minerva*, the fate of new *Troy*, as once that of the old consists in me, *Mrs. Parliament* who hath commanded me this seaven yeares (the *Devill* take her for it) is now woed by *Mrs. London* to part with me, and let her another while injoy me; this she hath (but to her great cost) obtained, and now;

As at the first, a Royall Prince did owne me,
His Power layd by, seaven yeares the world hath known me.

A three pil'd Bawd, to Mrs. Parliament;
Now Mrs. Londons; *Cuckolds bee content.*

Mrs. *Lond.* Looke Sister, yonders that malignant Dame, Mrs. *Militia*, muttering to herselfe against Mrs. *Parliament*, O 'tis a notable *Scold* and of such force, that shee is able to breake open yron barricado'd gates, to stand an Army and tosse huge Cities in the Ayre, but I have purchas'd her of Mrs. *Parliament*, with a round summe of money, and the truth is, that godly woman, is altogether swayed by *Gold*, she will do nothing for me without greazing i'the fist.

Mrs. *Com. Coun.* 'Tis very true, *experientia docet*, for my part had I the money once I freely parted with, mov'd with my sister Parliaments pious words, I'de be advised ere I gave it away, but I hope well of her, and that with us, she is a *Saint* by calling; how does Mrs. *Militia.*

Mrs. *Mil.* Sick sick at heart, of the very same disease, that is now so catching, the *Pox*, the *Plague*, and all those cruell malladies *Pandora* brought on earth to ruine men though all conjoyn'd in one, are not so mischievous.

Mrs. *Com.* What disease Mrs. *Militia.*

Mrs. *Mil.* Why? Its called *Parliament*, the same that hath murdered so many thousands of loyall English subjects, this

Mrs.

Mrs. *Truth*, her Speaker (*pro Tempore*) well knowes, who for her honour hath busied himself, to raise an *Anagram*, on her name, and to anex an *Epigram* thereto, 'tis this.

PARLIAMENT,

Anagramma,

A TRAP IL MEN.

Epigram.

A Trap they are, a Snare unto their Nation,
Having undone them, by a Reformation;
A Trap that Sathan set, as since wee find,
To fetter Kings, and ruine all mankind:
A *Snare*, a *Trap*, a *Pit*, wherein wee fall,
And if they live, then must wee perish all.
But yet there's hope, it so, may shortly hap,
These Traytors, shall be tane in their owne TRAP,

ILL MEN.

Ill men, yea such a vile Rebellious crew,
No History records, no Age ere knew;
Men meerly made of mischiefe, blood, and error,
Men borne to bee their owne, and the worlds terror.
Devils yet cloath'd in Flesh, cursed Projectors,
Good Mens sure ruine, evill mens Protectors,
Haters of sacred Peace, damn'd Regicides,
Horsleaches, Canibals, and Patricides:
Who place their thrones on Immolated men,
Have banisht Justice, hoping shee agen
Will never more returne, by Furies nurst,
Gotten by Devils, in their Cradles curst:
Whom all the powers of Hell, this seaven yeares
Have ayded; Slaves that joy to drinke our teares.
But the time now will shortly happen when
Treason must terminate, in those, Ill men.

if printed is sufficient to make the people out of conceit with Mrs. *Parliament*, while the world stands. *Mrs Com*; t'is this same witch Mrs. *Truth* that hath undone us, but who comes here. *Mrs. Parliament*, *Mrs. Thanksgiving*. *Mrs. Humiliation*.

Mrs Lon. O *Mrs Parliament*, I much joy to see you never was woman of your ranke so contemned and abused, here was, *Mrs Militia* the *Malignant* but even now, who shewed mee and my sister Common counsell, an *Anagram*, which the *Traitoresse Truth* had framed on your names, wherein shee taxes you of I know not how many crimes, and sayes you are worthy to bee *hangd*, as an *enemie* to your *Country*.

Mrs Parliament, no matter what *Truth* reports, you know I care not for her, but for *Mrs. Militia* and the rest ò the *Malignants*, I have given order for their removall, twentie miles from thy presence *Mrs. London*, *Mrs Common counsell*, you are to publish the order, reade it *Mrs Thanksgiving*.

Mrs. Thanksgiving Reads.

Tuesday May 22. 1648,

I Mrs Parliament, by the permission and assistance of Pluto, of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Supreame Governesse, doe decree and ordaine that al Papists, by whom I meane al those that are for Monarchicall government, for the Booke of Common Prayer, for Archbishops, and for order and decencie in thee Church of God, that all souldiers of fortune and all other persons whatsoever, that have borne Armes against mee, that is to say, all such, as have according to their oath of Allegiance the Law of God the Law of the Land, and the Law of nature, been in Armes and fought for the honour of their Soveraign Lord King Charles to pull downe my usurped power, to put a period to my Rebellions, shall at or before the five and twentieth of this instant May 1648 depart the cities of London and Westminster, and all other places within twentie miles, and if any of the said persons aforesaid, shal continue within twentie miles as aforesaid, after the five and twentieth day of May, they shal bee apprehended, Imprisoned and proceeded against as Traytors.

Mrs Com. coun. I like the order well, wee will have none

to

to converse with us *Mrs. London*; but those that are *Righteous* what fellowship ought there to bee betweene us *Iewes*, and those saweie Samaritans of the *Royal partie*, verily none, *Mrs. Lond*; Insooth you speake like a most *godly Saint*, my deare sister, and for my owne part I would have none to reside neare mee, but the good people of the Lord.

Mrs. Parl. Mrs London, and Mrs Common Counsel, you both know that the *wicked* ones of the Land are now combyning together against us; therefore a little to protract the time; I have devised a way for to amuse the people, *Mr. Horton* whom I sent with a partie for the reducing of *Poyer*, hath lately ceaz'd on divers Countrey fellowes, who met with an Intent to list themselves under the command of *Poyer*, *Powel*, *Langhorn* and the rest, this ile have noised to bee a victory a great and mighty victory, which news will cramp the *Royallists* Designes, keepe back the *Scots* a while, incourage our owne partie, and cannot chuse but bee an helpe unto us; you therefore Mrs *Thanksgiving*, proclaime throughout the *Cittie*, that every man praise *God* in his owne parish, those that have money feast and make good cheare, for this most great and mighty victory,

Mrs *Thanks*. I shall forsooth, but who shall Preach before you on that day.

Mrs. Parl. Who but my bonnie *Bulchin Marshall*, I have not amongst al my Priests not so fit, the *Bellie God Vines*, is a meere *Barrel* and yeilds no noise without you *tabor* on him, *Nie* speaks so low, a new shoe trod on by a sickly woman, makes better mellodie, but *Marshal* bellowes out my tryumph, in such a tone, not all the bulls that at *Geneva* thunde, when they exclaime against Episcopacie, yeild the like musick, goe you Mrs *Thanksgiving* to him, and carry these good *Angels* which will increase the vigour of his *lungs* Mrs Thanks; good Mrs *Common counsell*, See that a *Saintlike dinner* bee prepared, and store of wine, that we may heat our Zeale, you know wee cannot heave our eyes to heaven til wee have often elevated cups

Mrs. Common cens. Wee wil abound in al things, the creatures

none

none ought to enioy but wee, *beasts* of the field, the *fowles* of the ayre, the fishes that flock in the tumid deepe were made for us and for our use alone.

The most ungodly Cavaleirs are damnd.
Not fit to have their guts with Pullen cramd,
They must bee fed, with creatures of low rate.
Least that they doe increase and propogate,
To eat large Oisters Lobsters, and high fare,
Onely is meat for us that Righteous are.

Mrs. *Parl.* But my good *sisters* what shall wee doe to please the *Surry* men, who are incenst against us, and sweare to bee our *deaths men* to prevent which and pacifie their furie, you *Mrs. Humiliation* proclaime abroad, that all bee sorrowfull and mourne in ashes, for those good mens fall, Ha, ha, ha, I *laugh to thinke how my souldiers felld the Rogues, who durst desire a King.*

Mrs. Humuliation, I will not faile in my hypocrisie, I can lie downe and crie and wring my hands, strow flowre upon my face, and looke as meagerly, as when us'd to mourn during the warre when as the *Saints* were beaten by the wicked ones *Mrs Parl*; Now let us each unto our severall charge, you *Mrs. London*, stand fast to mee as I will doe to you, I am resolv'd that you shall not out live mee, you Mrs *Commun counsel*, bee sure you smel out more plots and stratagems each day, it makes for our advantage, thus take wee hands, thus sweare to fall together, when as the house where I so long have *voted* shall bee pull'd downe and levell'd to the earth, t' will doe mee good to see thee *Mrs London*, consume in flames, a sacrifice to *Treason*, to conclude, stand unto your tackling stoutly, when wee fall, all the land shall taste of ruine.

T' will bee my joy, when as I needs must fall
For to behold a ruine generall;
This is the period of my Reformation.
To kill my King, and undoe my Nation.

FINIS